

Hebrew



By Shomit Sirohi

I. Simple Hebrew Customs – the General Picture of Kabbalah

Perhaps what joins up this broken set of paragraphs is just the formalism of a broken vessel – which is also a fruity branch, or a complex branch on a tree – each aspect then is photographic – which can just be lines. Even Marxist political lines translated to Kabbalistic lines – why the lines must be as Lenin climbs up the podium – complex lines.

In one long sentence, Ilaan re-works on the process of Kabbalah as mathematical infinite process which then has limits from sequence to sequence – to re-mark the infinite and become perfect at each step of a chess match, which though is played in the arche of it. It means then that the process is thereby Kabbalistic and Torah joined which means in fact the simple game to be played is then a process which is also in fact in Philosophy – a Marxist thesis on the process against Hegel, and in fact is Ilaan's poem –

In one development,

Marx is insurrection,

And poems,

Are Misery,

Which are French poems,

Or sex,

Which are Spanish poems,

Adjoined to black women to join,

In a process,

Called Kabbalah,

The process,
The process,
Dancing in Incontinence,
Asking her out,
Remaining about the French political
Question,
Why are we so,
Patient.

The onlookers go rigid when the train goes past. I was walking on the train station platform, in fact more of a platform person, who keeps wondering if the meditation on God's revenge then is really this process, we call aleatory movements of developing a process. That if at a certain point I was that person there, someone young, and impressionable to the extent that she, or for that matter some youngsters of Communist or Jewish orientation, even the liberal mind was off then on a train, to an event. I would realise then the demeanour I have cast on the process as essentially a lost person. Not really the analytical depth of journeying. As I know run into a comrade. If he should forever ask me.' The ah, released from the sentence, flew off like a ball on the meadow. His arrival is the death of me. His head in its collar, his hair arranged immovably on his hand stroking it, the muscles of his suitcase below, tensed in their places – Are the woods still there? The woods were still almost there. But hardly had my glance gone ten steps farther when I left off, again caught up in the tedious conversation. In the dark woods, on the sodden ground, I found my way only by the whiteness of my collar. In a dream I asked the dancer Eduardova¹ to dance the Czardas just one time more. She had a broad streak of shadow or light across the middle of her face between the lower part of her forehead and the cleft of her chin. Just then someone with the loathsome gestures of an unconscious intriguer approached to tell her the train was leaving immediately. The manner in which she listened to the train arriving I meant, made us climb into it. I meant then the monstrous process of a philosopher then is needed in Jewish faith, something about his demeanour will be God's revenge.

The music playing starts "tune it into colour" and they talk and rock out.

What then is a prophecy – Ilaan argues then in Hebrew also Arabic – he gets off his room, walks downstairs and is speaking about the story "in cinema" which means to put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and and free it. Just that sign means prophecy – in one sense it means we can be in fact panting, and in anxiety and all that – in a sense going to hospital for a simple case of distress – but then it makes more sense – in Arabic – announcing infinity – just being poetic – that illusion in others causing a distress in me – we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

In fact Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece was about Ilaan writing to Marx and music, even photographic cinema on the question of in fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff which then is also a simple Hegel music piece on the crazy woman and her doctor theory of a party which then articulates other Jewish people some Christian people and women performing their Greek swing theory which then is the drama of Jewish health called Aleph and Alif series – which develops a syntactical progress of difficult lives being freed in materialism of a parallelism – to in fact a point in life when Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the 19th century in fact with Black people – this story then is one sequence of Aleph – which is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing so much – why he prefers the axiomatic removal of the impure process of ill-health from his dialectical process of working on music and Marx – because in fact it is a hallucination on drugs – remark one – when we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact there is a crisis in man's behaviour – and that is called the crisis period in the irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on music is what I live for and it cures.

Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually – but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and recordings which are made as what is called – the line matches – Jewish Hebrew customs then – and perhaps only when we hit the Hebrew note.

II.

Wisdom lacks only--eternity. It sees everything just in a moment of turning your head side to side with the bodies moving as well, in a discotheque or in fact in a conversation. Hence, from the length of history comes insufficient wisdom.

Hebrew newspapers in their immediate freshness then printed a lot of Soviet Style then while smoking cigarettes and working in winter in recent stories of Lenin and Trotsky finally with Ilaan in the background

talking in his room. An avant-garde reading on newspapers published by Lenin and Leon Trotsky which then is simply what is called finally to encircle in the Chinese slang, or to produce such remarks as the Notebook published by adapted to this process which is simply a more complex notebook – it flows differently because one adapts the notebook to these processes – imagine then that Being, Essence and Concept along with Marx's Doctorate to then have elipses and develop that with jottings or comments on in fact heuristics, experience or even historiology and such things – this then is a table made and followed Being, Essence and Concept Lenin's Side (Karl Korsch and Lukacs) What is to be Done to be added. Edited Speeches and Conduct. Trotsky's Side Avant-gardeism as Line, other Lines to be added. Cinematic montage added. Malevich lectures added (his comments are played in in fact a logic of geometric shapes which are based on the newspaper in these images – do not focus on the image but the newspaper) A Simple Felt Talking Marx's Doctorate Mao Zedong in Long March.

I meant in fact of course, that spandrels in the process of Marx's doctorate, should develop the following thesis – that in fact Ilaan meant, the process of architecture, spandrels, is a contemplation in the Epicurean clinamen in the process of in fact politics – is it then a clinamen this development of the logic of Kabbalah – that it is essentially about the attribute, in intellectual process being an essence of a personal conjuncture which then Ilaan argues develops the poetic clinamen – something like the musical notation on the Kabbalah which then is also in fact the meaning of it in Marx – why he is a poet at all, and why it is mathematical then – that it can be joined to mathematics of course that Spinozan habit called mathematics which is in fact geometry which can also be in fact the meaning of clinamen with Kabbalah in mathematics.

Ilaan is working on then the thesis that photographs is the correct clinamen for the Dibendoff process which in Pascal at another level is choir music – that reflects the person. It just means I am ascendent and so that is Spirit, in the Christian sense then – which is troubled by others, certainly.

Certainly of course, I meant that women are busy dancing and listening to music without being troubled, or in trouble because I am telling them a story – a photograph is worth a lot with the Kabbalah – that economic reverie also in the Kabbalistic news piece I recently read as Belano argues that is a traffic jam in lives because of the convolute on economics in Marxist senses.

In one development, again

Which develops a movement of the formalism, of in fact the Ilaan process of reading, now what did I miss, what was so refined and yet so limited – so difficult, like a language I thought was my own, but expresses someone else intervening in my own process,

Marx calls this the problem of interference – when I am fine,

A Simple Incontinence,

Marx is insurrection,

And poems,

Are Misery,

Perhaps that then is another long sentence which though is not the case, something like a poem alone which is solved by the Arabic poem,

Dance, that is all,

True insights.

Which are French poems,

Or sex,

Which are Spanish poems,

Adjoined to black women to join,

In a process,

Called Kabbalah,

The process,

The process,

Dancing in Incontinence,

Asking her out,
Remaining about the French political
Question,
Why are we so,
Patient.

III.

Ilaan then meets the locals who then Trotsky welcomes the soldiers with honey, bread and strawberries. Seventy-year-old Marfa Mezenina has come out of the forest with her daughter and three grandchildren. Her son-in-law is in the Red Army. Marfa has spent eight months in the forest. She and the children are dirty and ragged. They hid corn in a grave and set up a cross on it. The sack rotted, but the grain survived. It hibernated, but didn't die.

In fact in the Spartan story of the three four Spartan light hoppers, where finally organized in the forests, their study of in fact architecture, and a house which then develops modern Rosseuism and is also Hebrew to imbibe the difficult passage to infinity, also called Jewish prophetic traditions – that we should be attentive to the next note in fact.

The process then is also
Developing a process,
Which is the philosophical jargon

Of novels,
Which are letters, numbers,
And in fact images,

Which joins the process,
Like Arabic letters join,
I meant,
Insurrection, then in Marx.

This announcement made it clear to me that she would in fact dance again. 'I am a wicked, evil woman, am I not?' she said. 'Oh no,' I said, 'not that,' and turned away aimlessly. I was at the spot called Calcutta of course, and went over to the tram at night, this Jewish experience we said all fourteen of us. With many going into the process as a procession.

In a transcendental of this whole process again one develops the whole process of the novel – just developing a process in fact again, on the minimal nature of lives in Communism, Judaism and Islam, even Christian life, just that minimal process depicting an insurrectional forcing on the whole of Calcutta, by judging as Trotsky was arguing in his side of the tram with Lenin, the generalization of the intellectual affinities and influence to the party line – which then made it to the Communist Party and derailed us back to our Delhi.

Part II

Before that I had questioned her about the many flowers that were stuck into her girdle. 'They are from all the princes of Europe,' said she. I pondered as to what this might mean – that all those fresh flowers stuck in her girdle had been presented to the dancer Eduardova by all the princes of Europe. In fact then the Queen in England, is told to marry Ilaan – it is just that process I was developing in spontaneity – Marx's doctorate, that essential Marx, which then is divined into mathematics. The later Marx is lifeless, but more poetic if joined to the early Marx we meant – imagine some essential poetry – like this one I wrote on a woman and man in French misery which then gets a mathematical accountant and even an economist to guide to infinite heights of expenditure in fact so famous among the prudent French and now even Spanish habit – just that tells me it is expensive to live in capitalist countries – and protests demonstrate on this speculation – why are we not wealthy and expensive living people – and the working class quarters are busy agitating on wages going up but also mattering lesser to the whole process of middle-class costs of living going up.

The workers have a sharp process just the living wage taken and spent in joy.

The dancer Eduardova, a lover of music, travels in the tram, as everywhere else, in the company of two vigorous violinists whom she makes play often. For there is no known reason why one should not play in the tram if the playing is good, pleasing to the fellow passengers, and costs nothing; i.e., if the hat is not passed round afterwards. Of course, at first it is a little surprising and for a short while everybody finds it improper. But at full speed, in a strong breeze and on a silent street, it sounds quite nice.

The dancer Eduardova is not as pretty in the open air she felt.

III. Part About Labour and Hebrew

Work is conscience.

To change life, to transform it into a happy future, one must, from the very beginning of the struggle, have the seed of this future within one as an element of personal character, even though it is hidden from sight. An insurrectional happiness when Hindi music plays out the Soviet women and even finally the Indian Communists and Jewish people all collected at a dirge for those killed in the Achillean performances of a musical. And what should have been accomplished, but never was, comes to life: creativeness, work, achievement, love--the whole picture of what might have been, of life unfulfilled. To depict what was really destroyed--not just bodies. The great canvas of life and of lost souls, possibilities.

The highest expression of the people's drama is their battle with the foe for existence.

The dead remain at the same eternal age at which they died.

But I meant something different – in the opera which then develops and repeats in this work – one develops the argument that it is to rock music, rap music, and even Hindi music – and this then is Communist, but also Jewish – what was called joy. That in fact the intellectual love of God is that meaning of difficulties we were previously experiencing being changed to in fact utopian valences – that should be precise in fact.

Part III

A soldier in hospital, badly wounded, talks to his dead comrades at night. In fact then an immortal achievement Belano argues that we insurrect with Soviet Union and then develop cinema on Chinese mass line and articulate it to the process called practical on all matters – but there is also literary practices I meant – in that Alenette sense – that change valences into literary or theatrical and even Messianic beyond the poetic love for in fact infinity or even love.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the philosophical jargon

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

Marder is simple – so is life– it means that a woman was dancing with a man who was a Prophet following Jewish custom and explaining to her life, spiritual life. Professor Inarto comments on the complex elliptical lines articulated to the main line which then is intersectional as Cultural Revolution in fact – where distress is simply solved as realizing its spirituality he means – he'll point out – that point there in that intersection – where I am with you and I am with Zionists is called Messianic, it also means the next day you are free. Women dancing, and drunk on rum and coke and a lot of this stuff – complex stuff – that elipses and a line in pure fiction – that is Marder. In Jewish traditions. In fact the Marder is a tradition which I named – many Jewish names in Hebrew then – which sound Marder-like which includes 'Escara' which means in fact to create a moment with photographic images in the process of lines and complex elipses which is called escara which means in fact Scara escaping death with Ilaan who is busy writing in his table and viewing some super8 mm developments on this process one can intervene in.

At another level the French communist party contacts Ilaan and tells him to just go French on the matter then.

II.

Man learns nothing from pleasure.

Love for a child is love for the well-spring of your own heart.

I meant then

"Perhaps I was in a mood, as Marx calls Jewish works and his impression of the Talmud – which though is more miserable than one thinks."

"When I see someone on the tram who looks like me, I get off."

In fact Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece was about Ilaan writing to Marx and music, even photographic cinema on the question of in fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff which then is also a simple Hegel music piece on the crazy woman and her doctor theory of a party which then articulates other Jewish people some Christian people and women performing their Greek swing theory which then is the drama of Jewish health called Aleph and Alif series – which develops a syntactical progress of difficult lives being freed in materialism of a parallelism – to in fact a point in life when Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the 19th century in fact with Black people – this story then is one sequence of Aleph – which is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing so much – why he prefers the axiomatic removal of the impure process of ill-health from his dialectical process of working on music and Marx – because in fact it is a hallucination on drugs – remark one – when we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact there is a crisis in man's behaviour – and that is called the crisis period in the irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on music is what I live for and it cures

If you live true to your spirit, your heart, by achievement, sacrifice, and duty, then there won't be any problems, and there won't be any yearning for immortality and so forth. All these things come from an uneasy conscience.

Where else does what is good and noble come from, but from doing, from straining one's utmost, from self-sacrifice?

Two kinds of old men: the first grow old and conduct themselves like the ancients in Pushkin; the others are eternally youthful, ageless scamps.

It's easy to love a woman, for it means loving yourself.

A man doesn't know himself, he must be discovered by the writer.

Finally, after five months of my life during which I could write nothing that would have satisfied me, and for which no power will compensate me, though all were under obligation to do so, it occurs to me to talk to myself again. Whenever I really questioned myself, there was always a response forthcoming, there was always something in me to catch fire. Now joking on the process of reflection and talking which then jokes its way into infinity, that in fact there is a pure joke and a classification of Marx just as Hegel – that one can tell Marx means more than Hegel that idealistic logic of a classification, that perhaps a Jewish health is then phenomenology, theology and higher Kabbalistic reason which in turn is because of Brumiare's of course, being ordered into the factor called Zionist, which means it revolutionizes it in fact and makes it militant which Marx classifies his way, more brilliantly of course embellished as it were with the simple process a economic meaning to the matter but actually poetry in fact – that a woman was nearly killed, a Jewish killing developed as consequence, and we were killing people and divine killing people – if only we could help in that Mardar of life. This then is not the self-evident fact that it is a Jewish process which is revolting, but in fact a poem – Mardar then, Murder, which is overcome by Jewish militancy – as Professor Renaren walks up to the class in Jewish school in Israel – are we listening to this process, can we revolt. Read Marx all about this real deed, this real educational process, which though must spiritualise – cool off of course, which is simply the Alif section developing another poem – he is Alif, that infinite man, that poet who is busy falling into ground beneath the floor in his ground floor simple Nagarjuna house. He is then in fact waking up in coca cola ways and drinking the spirit, as a joke on both Hegel and Kant – what if then to drink is a matter of in fact getting drunk and drinking further till one vomits, and hung over again, one cannot speak to a lover looking for an answer, why. If only that would happen to me! And tenfold ought that to happen to me, for I do not even regret this unhappy time. My condition is not unhappiness, but it is also not happiness, not indifference, not weakness, not fatigue, not another interest – so what is it then? That I do not know this is probably connected with my inability to write. And without knowing the reason for it, I believe I understand the latter. All those things, that is to say, those things which occur to me, occur to me not from the root up but rather only as Spiritual.

- IV. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps then, women that keep saying 'Tu que'.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a young man is writing and proving things called just experience at its highest in a process of music. What does it mean to you – what you are saying – alight.

- V. Jewish Experiences

So in fact a simple detail, which is about the wallet, which becomes an economic plan. Another detail, like earrings and beads becomes a trope on fashion. Another detail, on clothing and style becomes a theory of performance for philosophy. In fact then another theory of economic forms – becomes a detail on the process of shops – ships become then a metaphor of travelling, which becomes the simple meaning of hanging out on beaches.

A number of diagonalisations to the singular universal then which means in one sense – a man is reading a novel, and this becomes in one sense a Jewish experience that he understood black rights through it. That then shifts to the next novel, which was about revolts and history – in Soviet Union, that ten days that mattered to history, which can be in another sense a woman reading Franz Kafka as in fact a Czech story which is transposed to the plan for Israel – all about literature theory guiding it.

Dances develop the theory of Werkmeister Harmoniac and then that becomes a theme of heroism, which then cuts across to people running in a cathedral to enact freedom, which becomes – in fact black women developing a dance in a room which is about freedom.

Ilaan is busy smoking and developing Marx as a poet of Judaism – that in fact the Jewish news is about a thrilling Messianic event in a room on Dibendoff – high on Profane Illuminations of course that it gives on a simple film theory developing the meaning of Hebrew complexity in Kabbalah – which is simply a distress called parties we all are celebrating in our lives.

Ilaan is reading Marx, and developing a Jewish question – that in fact at one angle of an image called high images for cinema then is the Marxist point – that in fact in seriousness then this point developed Dibendoff cuts, and angles and complexities at another level Jewish freedoms in literature and finally also Messianic things like a freedom to live freely which is then at one point – Poincare – which means daily life proves it all but also with in fact a alignment here to Judaism being free – which cuts to a point in a girl's life which is free which all means we are Incontinent dancers which means at another level – Lost Highway usually after this process I am driver in.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the philosophical jargon

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

Them, let someone attempt to seize a blade of grass and hold fast to it when it begins to grow only from the middle. Can we then understand Spiritual jazz dialectics. I cannot do this simple parable – its not the real thing. This ladder climbing of Hegel process which talks about the concrete process of violence which then becomes a ladder of course being the Edinic Quranic metaphor and Spiritual life – that we might climb and abstract the process into infinity which then is simple the nature of minds and intellectual lovers of God – which is just its process of a ladder – Hegel's ladder then means the concrete violence is also then at another level the process being asserted as violent to the Prophet and then in a third level his resurrection, which is at the fourth a Messianic night, and at fifth back to himself – which then is the vertical process coming back – like a simple day in the night of a man who is drunk, God drunk then in Spinoza which then is the Quranic version of ladders – diamonds after diamonds reflecting on his Snowflake – like a process of self-reflection in the fractal – that develops a French conversation these days – so afterall where will you stay lady. And if then I should appear before that sentence once, lured by that sentence, just as, for instance, I was last Christmas, when I was so far gone that I was barely able to control myself and when I seemed really on the last rung of my ladder, which, however, rested quietly on the ground and against a wall. But what ground, what a wall! And yet that ladder.

- IV. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps then, women that keep saying 'Tu que'.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a young man is writing and proving things called just experience at its highest in a process of music. What does it mean to you – what you are saying – alight.

- I. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who argues chess at all times – like the movement of ballet with chess then is a spiritual complexity which then develops a defensive group of people who are then by a movement of perhaps intellectual type victorious as one argues for a personal conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal conjunctures made into theological forms and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan. Borges is busy reading out a parable – A Jewish man is reading music to free the people of Israel – he depicts the meaning being Jewish he does not know – that we are in fact following a rational kernel to Marx and in fact Marx as in fact a joker who is busy proving here that this process cuts into several lines of Kabbalah – at one level cursive goes better, at another level music goes better – all of this because of the point – a Jewish experience developed here – you see.

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which all means we are Incontinent dancers which means at another level – Lost Highway usually after this process I am driver in.

– that one can also follow more Jewish experiences, all through in fact in the sense of music, and choir, and Jewish music in fact to guide one through the personal conjuncture of Jewish fact of life as they admit to him on his difficult condition of imbibition actually.

Dibendoff means – three things – first a cut, on Spinoza – then in fact a cut on practical Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution, and then finally the angles, and complex angles of the matter – Sirohi gives another diamond Islam argues to the Jewish people in his crisis – to tell the Prophecy of their permanent revolution.

II. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people which is also though a fused group to liberate which then becomes in a second meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then from it the process of a Line and finally just that – it is a line drawn on a board which then describes – a Jewish line which means in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one convolutes and develops convolutes, one can say – in a genius comment it makes us genius this process and frees up the Jewish process – one word for convoluted Aleph behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but also in fact Jewish health – which means in fact to complexly analyse the line – with now Dibendoff added.

What then is a prophecy – Ilaan argues then in Hebrew also Arabic – he gets off his room, walks downstairs and is speaking about the story “in cinema” which means to put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and and free it. Just that sign means prophecy – in one sense it means we can be in fact panting, and in anxiety and all that – in a sense going to hospital for a simple case of distress – but then it makes more sense – in Arabic – announcing infinity – just being poetic – that illusion in others causing a distress in me – we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

In fact Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece was about Ilaan writing to Marx and music, even photographic cinema on the question of in fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff which then is also a simple Hegel music piece on the crazy woman and her doctor theory of a party which then articulates other Jewish people some Christian people and women performing their Greek swing theory which then is the drama of Jewish health called Aleph and Alif series – which develops a syntactical progress of difficult lives being freed in materialism of a parallelism – to in fact a point in life when Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the 19th century in fact with Black people – this story then is one sequence of Aleph – which is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing so much – why he prefers the axiomatic removal of the impure process of ill-health from his dialectical process of working on music and Marx – because in fact it is a hallucination on drugs – remark one – when we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact there is a crisis in man’s behaviour – and that is called the crisis period in the irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on music is what I live for and it cures.

Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually – but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and recordings which are made as what is called – the line matches – Jewish Hebrew customs then – and perhaps only when we hit the Hebrew note.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the ensemble analysis in a Jacobin march

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

Which then is about Arab protests in more detailed light,

Which is then an Israel poem,

At a third level,

What if Marx meant poems are also

In Languages.

Like El espanolas la amor la Profe, estilo,

Y esto es la profesor,

De amor,

A mathematics of the feminist movement,

Which means everything is just gliding usually.

Like a film,

Which is about them,

El professor, y el mujer,

En la proceso de pianismo,

Que es la totalidad de infinito,

En la Espana perhaps - if only he was there.

Or all of us Arab travellers, who settle in Basra,

That Highest poverty.

The meaning of the Infinite, goes upwards in numbers,

And downwards like sex,

Like sex,

Direct, and spontaneous.

III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan gifted the Jewish people with a line and its arc which was complex he meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays - he means - but then he argues in the present diamond he gifts the Jewish people - one develops practical cubism on the line based on cinema of Jewish experiences - now my judgement is clearer.

I. Dibendoff

- IV. I meant an imaging power of a Kabbalistic process actually. I meant just find a number of spheres and image them, and that is a Dibendoff cut. Which means then in Sirohi - to draw a line, image it in cinema - only an image, just an image which is photographic and then cut it.

Angle it, as it is said. Now develop a Jewish experience – and if one is brilliant free it up for spiritual freedoms – which are the realization that we are – Hebrew and free. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who argues chess at all times – like the movement of ballet with chess then is a spiritual complexity which then develops a defensive group of people who are then by a movement of perhaps intellectual type victorious as one argues for a personal conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal conjunctures made into theological forms and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan- Belano is busy arguing in section I of Mardera it is actually like Lorcani which means archaic stuff, you get that, Lorcani and Marderanete was busy reading like Ilaan to improve his health and that is all he could do, like a proof came out of it, that's what it means. It was for that Ilaan rejoiced. that one can also follow more Jewish experiences, all through in fact in the sense of music, and choir, and Jewish music in fact to guide one through the personal conjuncture of Jewish fact of life as they admit to him on his difficult condition of imbibition actually.

Dibendoff means – three things – first a cut, on Spinoza – then in fact a cut on practical Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution, and then finally the angles, and complex angles of the matter – Ilaan is busy reading pictures in Quranic forms of women, it gives another diamond Islam argues to the Jewish people in his crisis – to tell the Prophecy of their permanent revolution.

* * *

Wisdom lacks only--eternity. That word which is here simple Torah and Communism – with Islamic baroque performances I meant of in fact an image of young people debating in Soviet Union which can be then Jewish experiences of talking on the phone – and in fact is also stories all stories afterall we tell each other.

... The locals welcome the soldiers with honey, bread and strawberries. Seventy-year-old Marfa Mezenina has come out of the forest with her daughter and three grandchildren. Her son-in-law is in the Red Army. Marfa has spent eight months in the forest. She and the children are dirty and ragged. They hid corn in a grave and set up a cross on it. The sack rotted, but the grain survived. It hibernated, but didn't die.

Work is conscience. Art consists in expressing what is most complicated by the most simple means. It is the highest form of economy. It also means something that is poetic is to read its simple infinity – that in fact there is a crisis which then is resolved by music.

The truth has a great failing: it regards itself as a blessing, and wants at all costs to become common property.

But that utopian construction is available in a Torah room.

The drama of a great and simple life. A little boy aged two or three walks weeping round an empty wooden table in a poor flat. He is in fact then in a wealthier flat, the young man is busy writing. Belano argues this process is infinitising us – that we can even study the empirical fact of this in images and curate it to a dance performance – which gets like a lightness if one wanted – what is called Messianic, that is the process – to in fact develop that lecture then or power.

Art cannot abide in Soviet Union, that waste of a bourgeois period-it must be filled with life and people, as a meadow with grasses. Which then is smoking cigarettes in permanent revolution. Israel agrees to Cultural Revolution finally and has Jewish experiences with these words – as it develops simple stories of revolt, like a bunch of young people grouped in a fused group – that is simple Torah groups.

"When I see someone on the tram who looks like me, I get off."

A man is smoking and talking and getting onto the bus, and meeting – he is in fact Trotsky – he is alive today.

If you live true to your spirit, your heart, by achievement, sacrifice, and duty, then there won't be any problems, and there won't be any yearning for immortality and so forth. All these things come from an uneasy conscience.

Where else does what is good and noble come from, but from doing, from straining one's utmost, from self-sacrifice?

Lenin crosses to a meeting in a debating hall. A man doesn't know himself, he must be discovered by the writer.

- I. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps then, women that keep saying 'Tu que'.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a young man is writing and proving things called just experience at its highest in a process of music. What does it mean to you – what you are saying – alight.

V. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people which is also though a fused group to liberate which then becomes in a second meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then from it the process of a Line and finally just that – it is a line drawn on a board which then describes – a Jewish line which means in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one convolutes and develops convolutes, one can say – in a genius comment it makes us genius this process and frees up the Jewish process – one word for convoluted Aleph behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but also in fact Jewish health – which means in fact to complexly analyse the line – with now Dibendoff added.

VI. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan gifted the Jewish people with a line and its arc which was complex he meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays – he means – but then he argues in the present diamond he gifts the Jewish people – one develops practical cubism on the line based on cinema of Jewish experiences – now my judgement is clearer.

الدبالكتيك المادي - الفلسفة الفرنسية

إن عكس هيجل، بالنسبة للنواة المادية التي هي نواة عقلانية، هو في النهاية ماركس وهيجل جديان يتعلقان بالموضوع المفاهيمي وهذا فقط - لإنتاج شكلية علمية في المفهوم والتي على الرغم من دفعها بشكل أكبر ضد طوبولوجيا الحركة المفاهيمية إلى عكس الموضوع - الحقيقي المسمى بالذاتي -

القراءة المعاكسة هي الأكثر صحة - ليس أنها تتعلق بشكل أساسي بالبنية والنبوية والنبوية، وأخيراً السببية النبوية والسياسة - ولكن في الواقع العكس - كل هذا يفتح للموضوع تدخل الموضوع بالمعنى السياسي الذي هو أيضاً حرية الأفراد - الموضوع هو قوة القوة الذاتية للأفكار الحية - يسميها سيروهي الجري، ومثل هذه الاستعارات - يعني في النهاية أن الحجة ليست النبوية وحدها ولكن في الواقع الحياة، والوجودية وما إلى ذلك،

يزعم جيك أن أفضل طريقة لالتقاط الفلسفة الفرنسية هي الحركة المعاكسة - الجدلية المادية هي عملية البنية، والتشكيل بالطبع، ولكن أيضاً معنى الوجود الذي في سيروهي هو في النهاية الوجود العام - والذي على الرغم من أنه كما يزعم كورنيل وبست يشبه موسيقى الرب التي يتم العيش عليها والرقص عليها في الفنادق - مثل هذه الصور مجانية، حرية، حرية كاملة - تخيل ريتامار يركض ومثل هذه الإنسانية

II. Jewish customs

To fold the clothes and give it to a tailor, and then get it back for someone else is a Jewish custom. Like that to write essays, in perfect manners is also Jewish custom – tradition is intellectual and manual labour in Hebrew senses at all times – to judge a ship, in the Greek period in construction and to corroborate that to experience is then Jewish custom – to articulate the problem of in fact spectacles and their formalism for the process of in fact imaging cinema is then Jewish cinema, all of this is then complexly about inventions – an invention is glass and art which produces an image on the formalism of in fact a painting simply that is abstract art. In fact Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece was about Ilaan writing to Marx and music, even photographic cinema on the question of in fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff which then is also a simple Hegel music piece on the crazy woman and her doctor theory of a party which then articulates other Jewish people some Christian people and women performing their Greek swing theory which then is the drama of Jewish health called Aleph and Alif series – which develops a syntactical progress of difficult lives being freed in materialism of a parallelism – to in fact a point in life when Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the 19th century in fact with Black people – this story then is one sequence of Aleph – which is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing so much – why he prefers the axiomatic removal of the impure process of ill-health from his dialectical process of working on music and Marx – because in fact it is a hallucination on drugs – remark one – when we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact there is a crisis in man's behaviour – and that is called the crisis period in the irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on music is what I live for and it cures.

Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually – but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and recordings which are made as what is called – the line matches – Jewish Hebrew customs then – and perhaps only when we hit the Hebrew note.

It meaning is then divined in the art's naïve or complex process and its intellectual Hebrew meaning – which means that in fact the stroke made in a complex way then means to intellectual tradition – that it is a convoluted path to freedom – which frees up in Dibendoff cuts as in fact a woman getting killed nearly which is now the process imaged then as faint images of in fact a person who is busy curating his room with perhaps capital which is then wealth that is private wealth as well, which is busy in curation.

I. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who argues chess at all times – like the movement of ballet with chess then is a spiritual complexity which then develops a defensive group of people who are then by a movement of perhaps intellectual type victorious as one argues for a personal conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal conjunctures made into theological forms and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

When I think about it, I must say that my education has done me great harm in some respects. I was not, as a matter of fact, educated in any out-of-the-way place, in a ruin, – something against which in fact I could not have brought myself to say a word of reproach. In spite of the risk of all my former teachers not understanding this, I should prefer most of all to have been such a little dweller in the ruins, even though I might have been weak at first under the pressure of my good qualities, which would have grown tall in me with the might of weeds. Can we then study Cannabis – the reflection of grass I meant sees a man walking up and down in crazy innocence of course, he is screwed, but then is also symphony and can be free by a reflection – that Arabic reflection in the sense that in fact at one point he says to a woman, a black woman in fact – why cannot we know the Prophecy beforehand, a black man says – Ortega y Gasset that is what we mean.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan – that one can also follow more Jewish experiences, all through in fact in the sense of music, and choir, and Jewish music in fact to guide one through the personal conjuncture of Jewish fact of life as they admit to him on his difficult condition of imbibition actually.

What then is a prophecy – Ilaan argues then in Hebrew also Arabic – he gets off his room, walks downstairs and is speaking about the story “in cinema” which means to put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and and free it. Just that sign means prophecy – in one sense it means we can be in fact panting, and in anxiety and all that – in a sense going to hospital for a simple case of distress – but then it makes more sense – in Arabic – announcing infinity – just being poetic – that illusion in others causing a distress in me – we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

Dibendoff means – three things – first a cut, on Spinoza – then in fact a cut on practical Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution, and then finally the angles, and complex angles of the matter – Ilaan is busy racing through streets and running to meet Isiah – is this also an opera he asks – highlight that. It gives another diamond Islam argues to the Jewish people in his crisis – to tell the Prophecy of their permanent revolution.

II. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people which is also though a fused group to liberate which then becomes in a second meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then from it the process of a Line and finally just that – it is a line drawn on a board which then describes – a Jewish line which means in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one convolutes and develops convolutes, one can say – in a genius comment it makes us genius this process and frees up the Jewish process – one word for convoluted Aleph behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but also in fact Jewish health – which means in fact to complexly analyse the line – with now Dibendoff added.

III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan is busy in Dibendoff type imaginations of the opera and was meeting people in fact in stylish opera acting. He gifted the Jewish people with a line and its arc which was complex he meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays – he means – but then he argues in the present diamond he gifts the Jewish people – one develops practical cubism on the line based on cinema of Jewish experiences – now my judgement is clearer.

I. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps then, women that keep saying ‘Tu que’.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a young man is writing and proving things called just experience at its highest in a process of music. What does it mean to you – what you are saying – alight.

II. Kabbalahs then in Complex Manners

I. From the Wallet theory – Daily Life in Jewish Hebrew Intellectual Manners then develops the materialist meaning of Kabbalah – You see Professor Inarto argues – that in fact there is a intellectual mannerism in labour which is then its whole materialism but it is afeal spiritual the point.

From in fact the wallet – to in fact the room and its Torah logic to in fact chess games, and even games which are well done like a simple hopscotch then – why not then find simple Hebrew – that simple process Professor Inarto meant, – when it is getting hard and violent for us – it is because in fact the process was revolting people – agitating people in the context of a game – we have complaints of history, even architecture, and spandrels in the sense of pure questions as well – all of this is insurrection and in fact all that beauty, all that violence of finally the revolt winning.

II. Marder (A Hebrew story)

Marder is simple – so is life– it means that a woman was dancing with a man who was a Prophet following Jewish custom and explaining to her life, spiritual life. Professor Inarto comments on the complex elliptical lines articulated to the main line which then is intersectional as Cultural Revolution in fact – where distress is simply solved as realizing its spirituality he means – he'll point out – that point there in that intersection – where I am with you and I am with Zionists is called Messianic, it also means the next day you are free. Women dancing, and drunk on rum and coke and a lot of this stuff – complex stuff – that ellipses and a line in pure fiction – that is Marder. In Jewish traditions.

Soviet Style then while smoking cigarettes and working in winter in recent stories of Lenin and Trotsky finally with Ilaan in the background talking in his room. An avant-garde reading on newspapers published by Lenin and Leon Trotsky which then is simply what is called finally to encircle in the Chinese slang, or to produce such remarks as the Notebook published by adapted to this process which is simply a more complex notebook – it flows differently because one adapts the notebook to these processes – imagine then that Being, Essence and Concept along with Marx's Doctorate to then have ellipses and develop that with jottings or comments on in fact heuristics, experience or even historiology and such things – this then is a table made and followed Being, Essence and Concept Lenin's Side (Karl Korsch and Lukacs) What is to be Done to be added. Edited Speeches and Conduct. Trotsky's Side Avant-gardeism as Line, other Lines to be added. Cinematic montage added. Malevich lectures added (his comments are played in in fact a logic of geometric shapes which are based on the newspaper in these images – do not focus on the image but the newspaper) A Simple Felt Talking Marx's Doctorate Mao Zedong in Long March.

I. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who argues chess at all times – like the movement of ballet with chess then is a spiritual complexity which then develops a defensive group of people who are then by a movement of perhaps intellectual type victorious as one argues for a personal conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal conjunctures made into theological forms and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan – that one can also follow more Jewish experiences, all through in fact in the sense of music, and choir, and Jewish music in fact to guide one through the personal conjuncture of Jewish fact of life as they admit to him on his difficult condition of imbibition actually.

Dibendoff means – three things – first a cut, on Spinoza – then in fact a cut on practical Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution, and then finally the angles, and complex angles of the matter – Ilaan gives another diamond Islam argues to the Jewish people in his crisis – to tell the Prophecy of their permanent revolution.

II. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people which is also though a fused group to liberate which then becomes in a second meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then from it the process of a Line and finally just that – it is a line drawn on a board which then describes – a Jewish line which means in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one convolutes and develops convolutes, one can say – in a genius comment it makes us genius this process and frees up the Jewish process – one word for convoluted Aleph behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but also in fact Jewish health – which means in fact to complexly analyse the line – with now Dibendoff added.

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Christ in fact is first drinking, then hung-over then recovered and then congealed and finally free. It is just that Christ who lived it – it can be on another day Mohammad who is busy in fact walking with women and developing a parable that he is going to die, in anxiety on a poisoning incident and suffering and recovering – this though is a desert parable, which means how will I escape death – Ilaan just acts out instead the process

as definitely what is called a Jewish parable – why cannot we just enter the door as Al-Mutasim wants – it has to be well read, and then we answer the question – one has to as it were perform a miracle. And then ballet.

Part II

IV. Dibendoff

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When I think about it, I must say that my revolt has done me great harm in some respects. This reproach applies to a multitude of people – that is to say, my parents, several relatives, individual visitors to our house, various writers, a certain particular cook who took me to school for a year, a crowd of teachers (whom I must press tightly together in my memory, otherwise one would drop out here and there – but since I have pressed them together so, the whole mass crumbles away bit by bit anyhow), a school inspector, slowly walking passers-by; in short, this reproach twists through society like a dagger. And no one, I repeat, unfortunately no one, can be sure as to whether the point of the dagger won't suddenly appear sometimes in front, at the back, or from the side. I do not want to hear this reproach contradicted; since I have already heard too many contradictions, and since most of the contradictions, moreover, have refuted me, I include these contradictions in my reproach and now declare that my proficiency in Marx's many meanings of the doctorate and this refutation have done me great harm in many respects.

Often I think it over and then.

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V. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people which is also though a fused group to liberate which then becomes in a second meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then from it the process of a Line and finally just that – it is a line drawn on a board which then describes – a Jewish line which means in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one convolutes and develops convolutes, one can say – in a genius comment it makes us genius this process and frees up the Jewish process – one word for convoluted Aleph behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but also in fact Jewish health – which means in fact to complexly analyse the line – with now Dibendoff added.

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- when we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact there is a crisis in man's behaviour - and that is called the crisis period in the irrelevance of Jazz - that busy working on music is what I live for and it cures.

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I. Buddhist metaphysics - Perception tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps then, women that keep saying 'Tu que'.

Develop for me that poem - that in fact a young man is writing and proving things called just experience at its highest in a process of music. What does it mean to you - what you are saying - alight.

III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Isiah was on television, and gifted the Jewish people with a line and its arc which was complex he meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays - he means - but then he argues in the present diamond he gifts the Jewish people - one develops practical cubism on the line based on cinema of Jewish experiences - now my judgement is clearer.

VI. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Isikiel and Isiah were following boat construction and even the production of Jerusalem Bible and gifted the Jewish people with a line and its arc which was complex he meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays - he means - but then he argues in the present diamond he gifts the Jewish people - one develops practical cubism on the line based on cinema of Jewish experiences - now my judgement is clearer.

* * *

Wisdom lacks only--eternity. It sees everything just in a moment of a brief time-span. Hence, from the length of history comes insufficient wisdom.

* * *

... The locals welcome the soldiers with honey, bread and strawberries. Seventy-year-old Marfa Mezenina has come out of the forest with her daughter and three grandchildren. Her son-in-law is in the Red Army. Marfa has spent eight months in the forest. She and the children are dirty and ragged. They hid corn in a grave and set up a cross on it. The sack rotted, but the grain survived. It hibernated, but didn't die.

* * *

Work is conscience.

* * *

... To change life, to transform it into a happy future, one must, from the very beginning of the struggle, have the seed of this future within one as an element of personal character, even though it is hidden from sight....

* * *

... a cemetery for those killed in the war. And what should have been accomplished, but never was, comes to life: creativeness, work, achievement, love--the whole picture of what might have been, of life unfulfilled. To depict what was really destroyed--not just bodies. The great canvas of life and of lost souls, possibilities.

* * *

The highest expression of the people's drama is their battle with the foe for existence.

* * *

The dead remain at the same eternal age at which they died.

* * *

A soldier in hospital, badly wounded, talks to his dead comrades at night. "The dead can give the best advice. Why? They're impartial."

* * *

After the war, when a memorial is erected in this land to the eternal glory of the soldiers, another memorial should be built facing it to the eternal memory of the martyrs among our people. The walls of this memorial should bear the names of tottering old men, women, and babes in arms. They likewise met their deaths at the hands of mankind's executioners.

* * *

The truth is a mystery, always a mystery. There are no obvious truths.

* * *

Gain strength from adversity.

* * *

Old age: "I do so wish somebody would take out my bones, wash them in brine, and put them together again, I'm so tired, tired to the very marrow...."

* * *

Two people: one leads in difficult, the other in easy times. Only the first is loved and adored as by right.

* * *

Don't confuse yourself with humanity!

* * *

Man learns nothing from pleasure.

* * *

Love for a child is love for the well-spring of your own heart.

* * *

Children (little ones) are equally "given" to living and not living. This is their principal charm: in defenselessness, in unconcern. The description of this spiritual condition makes up the whole of children's literature.

* * *

Children are all intelligent persons. The great lie is to look down on them; they're shrewd, amazing, observant folk.

* * *

Art consists in expressing what is most complicated by the most simple means. It is the highest form of economy.

* * *

The truth has a great failing: it regards itself as a blessing, and wants at all costs to become common property.

* * *

Good demands infinitely more energy and time than evil. That is why the good is difficult. The good man never has enough time, but the evil one achieves his ends with ease.

* * *

The drama of a great and simple life. A little boy aged two or three walks weeping round an empty wooden table in a poor flat. He misses his father, but his father is lying in a trench, under fire, and there are tears of longing in his eyes; he claws the earth out of grief for his son, who is far away and who, barefoot, half-starved, abandoned, is weeping for him on this grey day.

* * *

Art cannot abide a vacuum--it must be filled with life and people, as a meadow with grasses.

* * *

The moon like a knight-at-arms over the world!

* * *

He would bend down and pick up a lump of soil from the road and throw it into the field, so that it could germinate the grain and not be trampled uselessly to dust underfoot.

* * *

The cricket lived under the porch many a summer and sang there at eventide; perhaps it was the same cricket that sang the year before last, perhaps his grandson....

* * *

The little boy, weak with hunger, was listless and half asleep. The schoolmistress brought him two pancakes, and he ate them. After that he answered all the questions perfectly.

* * *

"When I see someone on the tram who looks like me, I get off."

* * *

If you live true to your spirit, your heart, by achievement, sacrifice, and duty, then there won't be any problems, and there won't be any yearning for immortality and so forth. All these things come from an uneasy conscience.

* * *

Where else does what is good and noble come from, but from doing, from straining one's utmost, from self-sacrifice?

* * *

Two kinds of old men: the first grow old and conduct themselves like the ancients in Pushkin; the others are eternally youthful, ageless scamps.

* * *

It's easy to love a woman, for it means loving yourself.

* * *

A man doesn't know himself, he must be discovered by the writer.

II. Dibendoff – A Full Detailed and Abstract Story then

From Happy Moscow and Israel in fact young doctors, historians in fact, sociologists and experimental talkers, young scientists, doctors, pedagogues, Y actors, musicians, car thinkers and workers from the new factories gathered that evening at the district Komsomol club. In the counterpart Israel also a few Jewish young gathered for a discussion on the animated film "Need for Speed" which nowadays can also be played I meant or even game theorised. None was more than twenty-seven years old, and each was a bit animated of his early fame, and that made life hard. The club's elderly employees, who had let their lives and talent slip away in the unlucky bourgeois period, with covert sighs of inner impoverishment arranged the furnish ings in the two large rooms, in the one for a formal meeting and in the other for conversation and refreshments. Among the first to arrive was the twenty-four-year-old engineer Selin, accompanied by the Komsomolka Kuzmina, a pianist ever pensive from imagining music.

In one rendition of Ilaan and Mariavanitchi and Professor Lamen was in fact the process of meditation here – that as he walked up to the board and drew several arcs and lines and processes called "Empiricism" he meant then that it is so scientific, that women were all in coats and Spanish about the fact – that it is all science. And Ilaan made a point – Marx's lesser writings on architecture, poems and mathematics – but Lamen dismissed him. That all of this means poems – he drew the simple drawing poetry of this type – means "Oh the love for science, that very brilliant act of following economics as mathematics and then gauging infinite drawings as in fact advanced stuff, h oho ho, hic Rhoda hic Salta after this denunciation of Spanish linguistics and science as opposed to which today they go in the direction of mob politics."

"Let's grab a bite to eat!" Selin said to her. "Let's," Kuzmina agreed. They went over to the snack counter. There Selin, a powerful, ruddy trencherman, immediately consumed eight sausage sand wiches, while Kuzmina took only two pastries for herself. It wasn't digestion she lived for, but playing. "Selin, why are you eating so much?" Kuzmina asked. "It may be good, but it's terrible to look at you!" ate indignantly. He chewed as he plowed, his trusty jaws making a persistent, diligent effort. Soon afterward ten more people arrived all at once-the traveler Golovach, the mechanical engineer Sakin Docheram two girls who were friends and both in hydraulics, the composer Levchenko, the astronomer Sitsylin, the aviation expert Vechkin, the designer of

high-altitude aircraft Muldbauer, and the electrical engineer Gunkin and his wife. Behind them still others could be heard and a few more arrived. They were all acquainted with each other-from work, through social contact, or on the basis of information received. Before the meeting started, each abandoned himself to his pleasure-some to friendship, some to food, some to questions about unsolved problems, some to music and dancing. Kuzmina found a small room with a new grand piano and there indulged herself in Werkmeister Harmoniac -all the movements, one after the other, from memory. Her heart was wrung by the profound freedom and inspired thought of the music and sadness that she herself was incapable of composing the same way. But was in fact more insightful Ilaan always thought against this diatribe on recent rap as well then ah. The electrical engineer Gunkin listened to Kuzmina and pondered the high electrical frequencies -and he thought about the fact that the path there has long been free and clear . . .

A little while later Moscow Chestnova arrived as well and silently smiled from joy at seeing her comrades and hearing music that stirred her life to the implementation of a loftier fate. The last of all to turn up at the club was the surgeon Sambikin. 98 This content downloaded from \ He had just been at the clinic of the Institute for Experimental Medicine and had himself bandaged the boy he had operated on. He arrived oppressed by sorrow at the arrangement of the human body, which squeezes a great deal more suffering and death into its bones than life and movement.... He already wanted to leave the club and work a while that night at the Institute on his research into death, but all of a sudden he saw Moscow Chestnova passing by. The vague charm of her appearance astonished Sambikin; he saw strength and luminous enthusiasm concealed behind the diffidence and even timidity of her face. A bell rang, signaling the start of the meeting. Everyone left the room in which Sambikin found himself, and only Chestnova remained behind to fasten one of her stockings. After taking care of the stocking, she noticed the solitary Sambikin staring at her. Out of embarrassment and awkwardness (to live in the same world, do the same thing, and yet not be acquainted) she bowed to him. Sambikin approached her, and they went in together to attend the meeting. They sat down next to each other, and amid the speeches, glorification, and greetings, Sambikin clearly heard the pulsing of Moscow's heart in her breast. He whispered a question in her ear: "Why is your heart pounding like that? I can hear it!" "It wants to fly, and it's beating," Moscow whispered to Sambikin with a smile. "You see, I'm a parachutist!" "The human body flew long ago in the now perished millennial," Sambikin thought. "The human rib cage represents folded wings." He felt his warm head. Something was beating there too, something that wanted to fly out of its dark, lonely confinement. After the meeting it was time for recreation and supper. The young guests went off to different rooms before sitting down at the table together. Milan held Moscow tightly, danced gravely, and smiled timidly, revealing his inhibited attraction to her. Moscow, however, looked at him like a woman in love. She quickly abandoned herself to her feeling, not resorting to the feminine policy of indifference. She liked that unattractive person who was shorter than she, with his kind and gloomy face, someone who had been unable to endure the promptings of his heart and had acted in a way that for him was extremely bold: he had approached a woman and asked her to dance. But before long the dancing had apparently started to bore him. His hands had already got used to the warmth of Moscow's body, ardent under her light dress, and he began to mumble something. On hearing it, Moscow at once took offense: "He's embracing me, he's dancing with me, but he's thinking about something completely different!" she said. "That's how I am," he replied. "Tell me right now just how that is!" Moscow frowned and stopped dancing. Why not then be insipid after this profound exercise, as Wittgenstein preaches language - all that can be said, can be said in three words - Tractatus, women fell laughing in the street.

"Are you really dancing too? What a strange person you are!" "You have to try everything!" Inar answered her as he moved. "Is that how you feel?" Moscow called after him. "No, I'm only pretending!" Sambikin answered her. "It's theoretical!" The Komsomolka, offended now, deserted Sambikin at once, and he started laughing. "Well, hurry up and say something!" Moscow turned to debate on the subject with forced seriousness. "Can she really be a fool? What a pity!" Flotlenich thought. A large table had been set for some fifty people. Flowers, which seemed pensive in their beauty, stood every half meter, and they gave off a posthumous fragrance. The wives of the designers and the young women engineers were arrayed in the republic's best silk; the government dressed up its finest people. Moscow Chestnova had on a tea dress that weighed two or three grams at most and was so skillfully sewn together that even the pulsing of her blood vessels was registered by the agitation of the silk. All the men, not excluding the careless Sambikin and the overgrown, melancholy Vechkin, had come in suits of choice material, simple and expensive. To dress badly and sloppily would have been to reproach with poverty the country that had nourished and clothed those present with its finest goods and was itself thriving on the strength and drive of that youth, on its labor and talent. A small Komsomol orchestra was playing short pieces on the balcony beyond an open door. The spacious night air came through the door of the balcony into the hall, and the flowers on the long table breathed it in and gave off an even stronger fragrance, feeling alive in the lost world without Ilaan and Trotsky conversing with Lenin and Jewish people - that simple tragic drama that simple science, that simple meaning - is it all scientific then. The ancient city roared and was lit up like a new building, what about Mohenjodaro Ilaan jokes. Even on Marx's fifth attempt at the antiquity of the Greeks - that it was just the development of architecture as found before your eyes, just that divines the city of Athens - can you believe the economic mess around Athenian cities - divining it. Sometimes the laughter and voice of some passerby would reach the club from the street, and then Moscow Chestnova felt like going outside and inviting everybody in for supper: all the same, socialism will come! At times she felt so good that she wanted somehow to step out of herself, to step out of her body in its dress, over the people and the expensive furnishings. Light appetizers stood on the table while the main supper was being heated on far-off kitchen ranges. The assembled, who were beautiful by nature or thanks to their animation or their still-unfinished youth, long delayed taking their places as they sought out the best company, although in the end they sat down with whomever was close at hand. Once those thirty or so people had taken their seats, their inner resources, stimulated by each other, multiplied, and among them was born the shared genius of lively candor and happy, intellectually amicable rivalry.

Though praised by Ernest Hemingway and a few others, the work of Andrei Platonov has never, in fact never I mean also a lot then in this new philosophy turn like a event a miracle of an event received that much

attention in the world. In his native Russia, however, Platonov is ranked among the very greatest writers. Although he was a Communist, Platonov ran afoul of the Soviet literary establishment from the beginning: the precepts of socialist realism do not govern either his style—a strange fusion of literary and spoken Russian, with a generous admixture of ideological jargon or his subject matter, which emphasizes the disparity between Communism's utopian goals and the harsh reality of people's lives. Platonov was accused of being too utopian at times, petit bourgeois psychology, and other sins—in the margin of his story "Profit," printed in *Krasnaya Nov* in 1931, Stalin scrawled, in red pencil, the word "Scum!"—and for long periods was unable to publish at all. Less a novel than, in the words of its translator, Judson Rosengrant, "a savage allegorical fantasy," *Happy Moscow* has little plot in the usual sense. In the fall of 1991, the magazine *Novyi Mir* published a work called "Science is absolute fun" in its entirety.

Last Part – the Part about Scientists and Alain, Alenette and Ilaan

In fact then the drama of science – in a small room, many people were on a board and drawing formalization after formalization – to prove lived experience is fundamental poem of mathematics – that Marx was in fact correct. And Jewish people were photographically correct.

Part VI Jewish Messianic Experiences in Recent times

The driver was sitting in his seat behind the steering wheel, while the rest of the group that had been ordered to join him were standing around the vehicle. As he approached, they climbed in the back, and took the front passenger seat as well. The driver adjusted his position before reaching for the ignition switch and starting the engine, which released a loud roar out into the open space. It was raining, and this then is images of Jewish people making it to India. Isiah and Isikiel went to pick them up but instead was curated to talk on the phone.

They set off west, forging their way through that extended in every direction. Thick clouds of sand sprung from underneath the vehicle's tires, rose up and followed after them, completely obscuring the view behind. Some sand struck those seated in the back, forcing them to shut their eyes and mouths in an attempt to keep the dust out. Trotsky and Lenin were also like this perhaps in the rain, perhaps in winter; they were actually in a winter rain. I mean that is what it felt like to them. Knowing the old Moscow habit of creating a scene in a vivid night after all the travelling by airplanes. The waves of sand, with their shifting shapes, would not settle until the vehicle had vanished far into the distance and the sound of its engine had entirely faded. Only then did the sand drift gradually back onto the hills, softening the sharp parallel tracks left by the vehicle's tires.

They reached Jewish line theory on Egypt and examined the border on a map, but observed no attempts to re-articulate it till Ilaan went into forty lectures describing his mathematical dialectics. Today we receive that in distilled form – arcs, just that, which is concrete, and then Abstract gestures to concepts and finally its synthesis – an Encyclopaedia which is simple – just the process of history perhaps but also languages – which then is simply a set of dialectical motifs judged in jazz. It can be argued in simple classification – Marx is at best, Hegel is weak, but Sirohi produces the classification in fact – Jewish health, crisis and finally a Talmudic morning, which can be best described as a process called also – Dibendoff cuts, which is also with cinematic evidence – Prophecy is fine, but a physician is also added – it looks cured in this process. The diagnosis is stiff.

Part VII.

I am in my room. In the living room in fact, and then in my bedroom. I am with lovers opposite my house. I walk up and down the staircase, and have been told to talk to my mother. I can also discern though that in fact I have to make it across. I will be told one day. And the event will transpire. I call this absurd the fact, if it will happen. But I am optimistic, I am actually uncaring. In a meditation, it can also fail. It is better to be alone. I am a scientist and will develop the story later.

He was awakened by movement on his left side. She was also laughing. He opened his eyes to the person in the room. His body was held tight. There was a set of women there in the process of learning the basic steps to marriage – a classification – love, absolute love, and then marriage which is based on sex, sex is actually happiness of a lover – not a simple exercise which is just alone – the feeling is then high, infinite and feminist which means in fact sex is at its highest, and that is something like what is called love and sex – at a third level in Marx – poetry that sex is the infinite of a woman in life – poor stuff not allowed, that bad process of alienated pornography. Just below her taking of her bra and underpants; it moved. The hum of emptiness continued to fill the space, occasionally punctuated by infinite dance of sexual words assigned to an unassignable logic, the wind slapping at tent roofs, the rain, the rain. Of sex.

I get up, go out, and everything is so poetic. I am in fact walking towards the street, and I believe in poetry. I argue that it is all poetic, which is mathematics. I also mean it is the sense of the violent revolt which breaks out in the street, which was all joyous. I meant that that was the plan – just a violent riot and riot police and protests and authentic friendship. In that raw real, I was testifying to the real of presentation, just that matters – and then a sophisticated intellectual production to justify that. If it was then mathematical and poetic as Marx argues, this is the truth – this violent mass agitation where I was meeting my lovers which I meant was done by another presentation – walking towards each other by me pointing out. Our own protest, our own French process with Alain and Alenette, even Slavai, and all – I proved it – poetry and mathematics for the whole discussion on economics then – and us here, in our cadence in our organized walk – I can be

called a Prophet a man said about the style of meeting. In the protest it just means we will be authentic, and this can happen then by breaking the logic after days of protests.

I was then running towards in a bus and walking in a bus, and getting off. I was then free. I meant a lot of things.

Part VIII. A Paragraph to Open Mathematics with Poems

Elijah awakens to the morning which is Malcolm X, it is raining heavily in fact. I am in my mother's room. It's I who live there now. I don't know how I got there. Perhaps in an arnbulanc!l, certainly a vehicle of some kind. I was helped. I'd never have got there alone. There's this man who comes every week. Perhaps I got here thanks to him. He says not. He gives me money and takes away the pages. So many pages, so much money. Yes, I work now, a little I like I used to, except that I don't know how to work any more. That doesn't matter apparently. What I'd like now is to speak of the things that are left, say my good-byes, finish dying. They don't want that. Yes, there is more than one, apparently. But it's always the same one that comes. You'll do that later, he says. Good. The truth is I haven't much will left. When he comes for the fresh pages he brings back the previous week's. They are marked with signs I don't understand. Anyway I don't read them. When I've done nothing he gives me nothing, he scolds me. Yet I don't work for money. For what theh? I don't know. The truth is I don't know much. For example my mother's death. Was she already dead when I came? Or did she only die later? I mean enough to bury. I don't know. Perhaps they haven't buried her yet. In any case I have her room. I sleep in her bed. I piss and shit in her pot. I have taken her place. I must resemble her more and more. All I need now is a son. Perhaps I have one somewhere. But I think not.

Ilaan then meets Malcom X it is a simple latterly process - it just means it is drawling into correctness. Like a dirge. A simple dirge of a process. Imagine it all working out by a accurate mathematical process, checked and cross checked a lot, and then a dirge, or poem to complete the recognition process, to point out its accuracy. Alennete calls this pure style even for in fact Cornel Wieste. I meant in fact it is knowledge of all things we need, and objective facts. It is something like Lacan, but purer. Something like a pure ink pen surrealism. I meant in fact all of this is how we were in a small neighbourhood one day, and walking in the winter. We met.

Part II

Malcolm X and Cornel Wieste meet Alenette and Alain in fact with Ilaan who is talking to an old black lady in fact - He would be old now, nearly as old as myself. It was a little chambermaid. It wasn't true love. The true love was in another. We'll come to that. Her name? I've forgotten it again. It seems to me sometimes that I even knew my son, that I helped him. Then I tell myself it's impossible. It's impossible I could ever have helped anyone. I've forgotten how to spell too, and half the words. That doesn't matter apparently. Good. He's a queer one the one who comes to see me. He comes every Sunday apparently. The other days he isn't free. He's always thirsty. It was he told me I'd begun all wrong, that I should have begun differently. He must be right. I began at the beginning, like an old ballocks, can you imagine that? Here's my beginning. Because they're keeping it apparently. I took a lot of trouble with it. Here it is. It gave me a lot of trouble. It was the beginning, do you understand? Whereas now it's nearly the end. Is what I do now any better? I don't know. That's beside the point. Here's my beginning. It must mean something, or they wouldn't keep it. Here it is. This time, then once more I think, then perhaps a last time, then I think it'll be over, with that world too. Premonition of the last but one but one. All grows dim. A little more and you'll go blind. It's in the head. It doesn't work any more, it says, I don't work any more. You go dumb as well and sounds fade. The threshold scarcely crossed that's how it is. It's the head. It must have had enough. So that you say, I'll manage this time, then perhaps once more, then perhaps a last time, then nothing more. You are hard set to formulate this thought, for it is one, in a sense. Then you try to pay attention, to consider with attention all those dim things, saying to yourself, laboriously, It's my fault. Fault? That was the word. But what fault? It's not goodbye, and what magic in those dim things to which it will be time enough, when next they pass, to say goodbye.

Part III

And so then Ilaan was at his room, pointing at a paper, with pen, ink pen, of some type. Like a machine in fact, which is so powerful for the black people. This simple mathematical poem. It meant something else to Alenette, a process for a mansion, and professional wage letters and just to keep a communication going he meant which is like Cartas, which means just that, letters to the PCF. Which I then post. Ilaan is more then dogmatic than it seems, this pen, this paper and all my processes put into it. A lot of writing just describing the latterly character, like an old man who is Borges who then announces his process - at one level a meditation on black power is about in fact the agile letters we are all in, we thank you for our ethics. It is something like Spinoza I mean this process, not just writing - I mean you have taught us all.

Black people enter the transcendental as minimum, poor and walking and taking buses. A man calls them on the phone, and describes infinity. It is Elijah then afterall, they understand essays.

For you must say goodbye, it would be madness not to say goodbye, when the time comes. Ilaan was thinking about visiting New York and walking with the black people to the Bronx that he loves for its department stores. If you think of the forms and light of other days it is without regret. But you seldom think of them, with what would you think of them? I don't know. People pass too, hard to distinguish from yourself. That is discouraging. So I saw A and C going slowly towards each other, unconscious of what they were doing. It was on a road remarkably bare. I mean without hedges or ditches or any kind of edge, in the country, for cows were chewing in enormous fields, lying and standing, in the evening silence. Perhaps I'm inventing a little, perhaps embellishing, but on the whole that's the way it was. They chew, swallow, then after a short pause effortlessly bring up the next mouthful. A neck muscle stirs and the jaws begin to grind again. But perhaps I'm remembering things. The road, hard and white, seared the tender pastures, rose and fell at the whim of hills and hollows. The town was not far. It was two men, unmistakably, one small and one tall. They had left the town, first one, then the other, and then the first, weary or remembering a duty, had retraced his steps. The air was sharp, for they wore greatcoats. They looked alike, but no more than others do. At first a wide space lay between them. They couldn't have seen each other, even had they raised their heads and looked about, because of this wide space, and then because of the undulating land, which caused the road to be in waves. not high, but high enough, high enough. But the moment came when together they went down into the same trough and'.-in this trough finally met. To say they knew each other, no, nothing warrants it. But perhaps at the sound of their steps, or warned by some obscure instinct, they raised their heads and observed each other, for a good fifteen paces. before they stopped, breast to breast. Yes, they did not pass each other by, but halted, face to face, as in the country, of an evening. on a deserted road, two wayfaring strangers will, without there being anything extraordinary about it. But they knew each other perhaps. Now in any case they do, now I think they will know each other, greet each other, even in the depths of the town. They turned towards the sea which, far in the east, beyond the fields, loomed high in the waning sky. and exchanged a few words. Then each went on his way. Each went on his way, A back towards the town, C on by ways he seemed hardly to know, or not at all, for he went with uncertain step and often stopped to look about him, like someone trying to fix landmarks in his mind, for one day perhaps he may have to retrace his steps. you never know. The treacherous hills where fearfully he ventured were no doubt only known to him from afar, seen perhaps from his bedroom window or from the summit of a monument which, one black day, having nothing in particular to do and turning to height for solace, he had paid his few coppers to climb, slower and slower, up the winding stones. From there he must have seen it all, the plain, the sea, and then these selfsame hills that some call mountains, indigo in places in the evening light, their serried ranges crowding to the skyline, cloven with hidden valleys that the eye divines from sudden shifts of colour and then from other signs for which there are no words, nor even thoughts. But all are not divined, even from that height, and often where only one escarpment is discerned, and one crest, in reality there are two, two escarpments. two crests, riven by a valley.

Harper's Ferry is actually measured in a transcendental of a informal subject I argue, Ilaan speaks - that in fact there is first the Pottawatomie Massacre which then is in fact developing as the walk to the hills, the valley which then articulates a insurrectional black form - I wrote this black opera I meant, Ilaan talks to Belano about this Hebrew vision of Abraham you were having then - isn't it in one sense what they all mean there in that Christian vision of a life of liberation - Abraham means he liberates and frees us all and frees himself as well in that process. I mean that's what it means - and that is also Jewish faith.

In that merger of the valley, the whites kill the madman.

Part IV. Lesser Known Marx and Poetry

Malcolm X argues further - But now he knows these hills, that is to say he knows them better, and if ever again he sees them from afar it will be I think with other eyes. Just the process of liberation then Cornel argues, nothing, no word no Sound and Fury then about this process one calls a Faulnerian experience for us - that one can re-write it to concrete processes. And then Ilaan describes the white man killing in a Pottawatomie and that is Faulkner for me he meant. I and not only that but the within, all that inner space one never sees, the brain and heart and other caverns where thought and feeling dance their sabbath, all that too quite differently disposed. He looks old and it is a sorry sight to see him solitary after so many years, so many days and nights unthinkingly given to that rumour rising at birth and even earlier, What shall I do? What shall I do? now low, a murmur, now precise as the headwaiter's And to follow? and often rising to a scream. And in the end, or almost, to be abroad alone, by unknown ways, in the gathering night, with a stick. It was a stout stick, he used it to thrust himself onward, or as a defence, when the time came, against dogs and marauders. Yes, night was gathering, but the man was innocent, greatly innocent, he had nothing to fear, though he went in fear, he had nothing to fear, there was nothing they could do to him, or very little. But he can't have known it. I wouldn't know it myself, if I thought about it. Yes, he saw himself threatened, his body threatened, his reason threatened, and perhaps he was, perhaps they were, in spite of his innocence. What business has innocence here? What relation to the innumerable spirits of darkness? It's not clear. It seemed to me he wore a cocked hat. I remember being struck by it, as I wouldn't have been for example by a cap or by a bowler. I watched him recede, overtaken (myself) by his anxiety, at least by an anxiety which was not necessarily his, but of which as it were he partook. Who knows if it wasn't my own anxiety overtaking him. He hadn't seen me. I was perched higher than the road's highest point and flattened what is more against a rock the same colour as myself. that is grey. The rock he probably saw. He gazed around as if to engrave the landmarks on his memory and must have seen the rock in the shadow of which I crouched like Belacqua, or Sordello, I forget. But a man, a fortiori myself, isn't exactly a landmark, because. I mean if by some strange chance he were to pass that way again, after a long lapse of time, vanquished, or to look for some lost thing. or to destroy

something, his eyes would search out the rock. not the haphazard in its shadow of that unstable fugitive thing. still living flesh

In fact then Ilaan argues let us lapse into this as poetry – what does it mean? It means to just see colours, Borges argues. Just the figurative process in fact of what is called highways. The cars go by, the ships the slave ships. It is all so poetic to you but it is not. I argue it is in fact what Elijah calls the figurative black man – always figuring out the figurative abstraction. In that Malcolm X laughs – yeah like your open dialectics – figurative but concrete.

Part V. Christian Poetry

And so keep running. Yes, towards my hand also, which my knee felt tremble and of which my eyes saw the wrist only, the heavily run through history. the pallid rows of knuckles. But that is not, I mean my hand, what I wish to speak of now. everything in due course, but A or C returning to the town he had just left. But after all what was there particularly urban in his aspect? He was bare-headed, wore sand- shoes, smoked a cigar. He moved with a kind of loitering indolence which rightly or wrongly seemed to me expressive. But all that proved nothing, refuted nothing. Perhaps he had come from afar, from the other end of the island even, and was approaching the town for the first time or returning to it after a long absence. the less I think of it the more certain I am. And yet. Did he not seem rather to have issued from the ramparts, after a good dinner, to take his dog and himself for a walk, like so many citizens, dreaming and farting, when the weather is fine? But was not perhaps in reality the cigar a cutty, and were not the sand-shoes boots, hobnailed, dust-whitened, and what prevented the dog from being one of those stray dog that you pick up and take in your arms. from compassion or because you have long been straying with no other company than the endless roads, sands, shingle, bogs and heather, than this nature answerable to another court, than at long intervals the fellow-convict you long to stop, embrace, suck, suckle and whom you pass by, with hostile eyes, for fear of his familiarities? Until the day when, your endurance gone, in this world for you without arms, you catch up in yours the first mangy cur you meet, carry it the time needed for it to love you and you it, then throw it away.

Part VI. Cultural Revolution – Paris, 1968 and with Black power 1967 – 75, and even Mao's China – 1967 – 72 Indian reflections in it.

Perhaps he had come to that, in spite of appearances. He disappeared, his head on his chest, the smoking object in his hand. Let me try and explain. From things about to disappear I turn away in time. To watch them out of sight, no, I can't do it. It was in this sense he disappeared. Looking away I thought of him, saying, He is dwindling, dwindling. I knew what I meant. I knew I could catch him, lame as I was. I had only to want to. And yet no, for I did want to. To get up, to get down on the road, to set off hobbling in pursuit of him, to hail him, what could be easier? He hears my cries, turns, waits for me. I am up against him, up against the process. I am running and finding a bus, and all of this is the early morning. I am in fact the professional revolutionary I realise. I am in fact that professional. I am even capable of having learnt what his profession is, I who am so interested in professions. And to think I try my best not to talk about myself.

Was he carrying so much as a scrip? But the way of walking, the anxious looks, the club, could these be reconciled with one's conception of what is called a little turn? But the hat, a town hat, an old-fashioned town hat, which the least gust would carry far away. Unless it was attached under the chin, by means of a string or an elastic. I took off my hat and looked at it. It is fastened, it has always been fastened, to my buttonhole, always the same buttonhole, at all seasons. by a long lace. I am still alive then. That may come in useful. The hand that held the hat I thrust as far as possible from me and moved in an arc. to and fro.

But these are things we must not take seriously. There is a little of everything. apparently, in nature, and freaks are common. And I am perhaps confusing several different occasions, and different times, deep down, and deep down is my dwelling, oh not deepest down, somewhere between the mud and the scum. And perhaps it was A one day at one place, then C another at another, then a third the rock and I. and so on for other components, the cows, the sky, the sea, the mountains. I can't believe it. No, I will not lie, I can easily conceive it. No matter, no matter. let us go on, as if all arose from one and the same weariness, on and on heaping up and up, until there is no room, no light, for any more. What is certain is that the man with the stick did not pass by again that night, because I would have heard him, if he had. I don't say I would have seen him, I say I would have heard him. I sleep little and that little by day. Oh not systematically, in my life without end I have dabbled with every kind of sleep, but at the time now coming back to me I took my doze in the daytime and, what is more, in the morning. Let me hear nothing of the moon, in my night there is no moon. and if it happens that I speak of the stars it is by mistake. Now of all the noises that night not one was of those heavy uncertain steps. or of that club with which he sometimes smote the earth until it quaked. How agreeable it is to be confirmed, after a more or less long period of vacillation, in one's first impressions. Perhaps that is what tempers the pangs of death. Not that I was so conclusively, I mean confirmed, in my first impressions with regard to wait-C. For the wagons and carts which a little before dawn went thundering by, on their way to market with fruit, eggs, butter and perhaps cheese, in one of these perhaps he would have been found, overcome by fatigue or discouragement, perhaps even dead.

Part VII – the Process described in theoretical formation

In one sense the transcendental accounts for these days then as first black protests set off in American East Coast up to New York a type of civil Movement under Martin Luther King shifting to Malcolm X and then in Europe a poem – just a few people breaking into the street and running in the morning, and a lot of mass strikes and talking and parties, and then in Paris I mean Alain laughing on the phone talking to Alenette, and in China a mass agitation of students and workers all fusing into a Shanghai Commune and in India – Mazumdar and Sanyal walking in factory belts and students talking there to the street.

They took me away, to the guardroom I suppose. and there I was told to sit down. I must have tried to explain. I won't go into it. I obtained permission, if not to lie down on a bench, at least to remain standing, propped against the wall. The room was dark and full of people hastening to and fro, malefactors, policemen, lawyers, priests. and journalists I suppose. All that made a dark. dark forms crowding in a dark place. They paid no attention to me and I repaid the compliment. Then how could I know they were paying no attention to me, and how could I repay the compliment, since they were paying no attention to me? I don't know. I knew it and I did it, that's all I know. But suddenly a woman rose up before me, a big fat woman dressed in black, or rather in mauve. I still wonder today if it Wasn't the social worker. She was holding out to me, on an odd saucer, a mug full of a greyish concoction which must have. been green tea with saccharine and powdered milk. Nor was that all, for between mug and saucer a thick slab of dry bread was precariously lodged, so that I began to say, in a kind of anguish. It's going to fall, it's going to fall, as if it mattered whether it fell or not. A moment later I myself was holding, in my trembling hands, this little pile of tottering disparates, in which the hard, the liquid and the soft were joined, without understanding how the transfer had been effected. Let me tell you this, when social workers offer you, free, gratis and for nothing. something to hinder you from swooning, which with them is an obsession, it is useless to recoil, they will pursue you to the ends of the earth, the vomitory in their hands. The Salvation Army is no better. Against the charitable gesture there is no defence, that I know of.

It is better to leave things to the police. I don't know. If it is unlawful to be without papers, why did they not insist on my getting them? Because that costs money and I had none? But in that case could they not have appropriated my bicycle? Probably not, without a court order. All that is incomprehensible. What is certain is this, that I never rested in that way again, my feet obscenely resting on the earth, my arms on the handlebars and on my arms my head, rocking and abandoned. It is indeed a deplorable sight, a deplorable example, for the people, who so need to be encouraged, in their bitter toil, and to have before their eyes manifestations of strength only, of courage and of joy, without which they might collapse, at the end of the day, and roll on the ground. I have only to be told what good behaviour is and I am well-behaved, within the limits of my physical possibilities. And so I have never ceased to improve, from this point of view, for I used to be intelligent and quick. And as far as good-will is concerned, I had it to overflowing, the exasperated good-will of the over-anxious. So that my repertory of permitted attitudes has never ceased to grow, from my first steps until my last, executed last year. And if I have always behaved like a pig, the fault lies not with me but with my superiors, who corrected me only on points of detail instead of showing me the essence of the system, after the manner of the great English schools, and the guiding principles of good manners, and how to proceed, without going wrong. from the former to the latter, and how to trace back to its ultimate source a given comportment.

The Jewish process then of Kabbalah is clear – a Munich accident of a young man which is catastrophe – and that then is what I meant by love and revolt that in fact it is that type of insurrection – with dancing and music and partying – that I call Cultural Revolution.

Part VIII – Women Talking to Ilaan on the Phone and then in real life – that Happiness

She too used to speak of him, gliding, walking and French riots go off. I was then Ilaan busy working on plans of novels with Belano – he drew a map for it – a postmodern and modernist approach he meant add this dimension to the novel. He meant imagine there were roads, and complex roads – not just a political process in fact. He then argued, I would go with On the Road and articulate that poem we love. It is just about that process. We mean that by this process. I then made sure we had flags. I would hoist it up on the bed in such a way as not to break the window or damage the ceiling, in a riot that goes off in France and at last I would have it in my hands. If it was my hat I might put it on, that would remind me of the good old days, though I remember them sufficiently well. It has lost its brim, it looks like a bell-glass to put over a melon. In order to put it on and take it off you have to grasp it like a great ball, between your palms. It is perhaps the only object in my possession the history of which I have not forgotten, I mean counting from the day it became mine. I know in what circumstances it lost its brim, I was there at the time, it was so that I might keep it on while I slept. I should rather like it to be buried with me, a harmless whim, but what steps should I take? Mem, Hallene argued put it on on the off chance, well wedged down, before it is too late. But all in due time. Should I go on I wonder. I feel I am perhaps attributing to myself things I no longer possess and reporting as missing others that are not missing. And I feel there are others, over there in the corner, belonging to a third category, that of those of which I know nothing and with regard to which therefore there is little danger of my being wrong, or of my being right. And I remind myself also that since I last went through my possessions much water has passed beneath Butt Bridge, in both directions. For I have sufficiently perished in this room to know that some things go out, and other things come in, through I know not what agency. And among those that go out there are some that come back, after a more or less prolonged absence, and others that never come back. With the result that, among those that come in, some are familiar to me, others not. I don't understand. And, stranger still, there exists a whole family of objects, having apparently very little in common,

which have never left me, since I have been here, but remained quietly in their place, in the corner, as in any ordinary uninhabited room. Or else they were very quick. How false all that rings. But there is no guarantee things will be ever thus. I cannot account in any other way for the changing aspect of my possessions. So that, strictly speaking, it is impossible for me to know, from one moment to the next, what is mine and what is not, according to my definition. So I wonder if I should go on, I mean go on drawing up an inventory corresponding perhaps but faintly to the facts, and if I should not rather cut it short and devote myself to some other form of distraction, of less consequence, or simply wait, doing nothing, or counting perhaps, one, two, three and so on, until all danger to myself from myself is past at last. That is what comes of being scrupulous. If I had a penny I would let it make up my mind. Decidedly the night is long and poor in counsel. Perhaps I should persist until dawn. All things considered. Good idea, excellent. If at dawn I am still there I shall take a decision. I am half asleep. But I dare not sleep. Rectifications in extremis, in extremissimis, are always possible after all. But have I not perhaps just passed away?

Perhaps it is the definition that is at fault They have each two handles or ears, projecting above the rim and facing each other, into which I insert my revolver. I was busy in a crisis walking around with a fucking gun they argue in the law. I was in fact in Paris. I was a Quranic metaphor. In this way I move my old shift car about, lift them up and set them down. Nothing has been left to chance. Or is it a happy chance? I can therefore easily turn them upside down, if I am driven to it, and wait for them to empty, as long as necessary. After this passing reference to my pots I feel a little more lively. They are not mine, but I say my pots, as I say my bed, my window, as I say me. Nevertheless I shall stop. It is my possessions have weakened me, if I start talking about them again I shall weaken again, for the same causes give rise to the same effects. I should have liked to speak of the cap of my bicycle-bell, of my half-crutch, the top half, you'd think it was a rankle. But I can still do so, what is there to prevent me? I don't know. I can't. To think I shall perhaps die of hunger, after all, of starvation rather, after having struggled successfully all my life against that menace. I can't believe it. There is a providence for impotent old men, to the end. And when they cannot swallow any more some- one rams a tube down their gullet, or up their rectum, and fills them full of vitaminized pap, so as not to be accused of murder. I shall therefore die of old age pure and simple, glutted with days as in the days before the flood, on a full stomach. Perhaps they think I am dead. Or perhaps they are dead themselves. I say they, though perhaps I should not. In the beginning, but was it the beginning, I used to see an old woman, then for a time an old yellow arm, then for a time an old yellow hand. But these were probably no more than the agents of a consortium. And indeed the silence at times is such that the earth seems uninhabited. That is what comes of the taste for generalization. You have only to hear nothing for a few days, in your hole, nothing but the sounds of things, and you begin to fancy yourself the last of human kind. What if I started to scream? Not that I wish to draw attention to myself, simply to try and find out if there is someone about. But I don't like screaming. I have spoken softly, gone my ways softly, all my days, as behoves one who has nothing to say, nowhere to go, and so nothing to gain by being seen or heard. Not to mention the possibility of there being not a living soul within a radius of one hundred yards and then such multitudes of people that they are walking on top of one another. They do not dare come near me. In that case I could scream my head off to no purpose. I shall try all the same. I have tried. I heard nothing out of the ordinary. No, I exaggerate, I heard a kind of burning croak deep down in the windpipe, as when one has heartburn. With practice I might produce a groan, before I die. I am not sleepy any more. In any case I must not sleep any more. What tedium. I have missed the ebb. Did I say I only say a small proportion of the things that come into my head? I must have. I choose those that seem somehow akin. It is not always easy. I hope they are the most important. I wonder if I shall ever be able to stop. Perhaps I should throw away my lead. I could never retrieve it now. I might be sorry. My little lead. It is a risk I do not feel inclined to take, just now. What then? I wonder if I could not contrive, wielding my gunlike a punt-pole, to move my bed. It may well be on castors, many beds are. Incredible I should never have thought of this, all the time I have been here. I might even succeed in steering it, It is so narrow, through the door, and even down the stairs, if there is a stairs that goes down. To be off and away. The dark is against me, in a sense. But I can always try and see if the bed will move. I have only to set the stick against the wall and push. And I can see myself already, if successful, taking a little turn in the room, until it is light enough for me to set forth. At least while thus employed I shall stop telling myself lies. And then, who knows, the physical effort may polish me off, by means of heart failure. I have lost' my stick, That is the outstanding event of the day, for it is day again. The bed has not stirred. I must have missed my point of purchase. in the dark.

Archimedes was right. The gun doesn't work not a chance, having slipped, would have plucked me from the bed if I had not let it go. It would of course have been better for me to relinquish my bed than to lose my stick. But I had not time to think. The fear of falling is the source of many a folly. It is a disaster. I suppose the wisest thing now is to live it over again, meditate upon it and be edified. It is thus that man distinguishes himself from the ape and rises. from discovery to discovery, ever higher. towards the light. Now that I have lost my stick I realize what it is I have lost and all it meant to me. And thence ascend, painfully, to an understanding of the Stick, shorn of all its accidents, such as I had never dreamt of. What a broadening of the mind. So that I half discern, in the veritable catastrophe that has befallen me, a blessing in disguise. How comforting that is. Catastrophe too in the ancient sense no doubt. To be buried in lava and not tum a hair, it is then a man shows what stuff he is made of. To know you can do better next time, unrecognizably better, and that there is no next time, and that it is a blessing there is not, there is a thought to be going on with. I thought I was turning my stick to the best possible account, like a monkey scratching its fleas with the key that opens its cage. For it is obvious lo me now that by making a more intelligent use of my stick I might have extracted myself from my bed and perhaps even got myself back into it, when tired of rolling and dragging myself about the floor or on the stairs.

The situation, if I interpret them correctly. But my notes have a curious tendency, as I realize at last, to all they purport to record. So I hasten to turn aside from this process to mention only it, which has seized on certain parts of my economy, I will not specify which. And to think I was expecting rather to grow cold, if anything! This first phase, that of the bed, was characterized by the evolution of the relationship between me and my lover. There sprang up gradually between them a kind of intimacy which, at a given moment, led them to lie together and have sex and talk as best they could. For given their age and scant experience of sexual love, it was only natural they should not succeed, at the first shot, in giving each other the impression they were made for each other. The spectacle was then offered of Macmann trying to bundle his sex into his partner's like a pillow into a pillow-slip, folding it in two and then leaving the process for instead a higher art – that of all women in fact hearing this as poetry finally breaking away from concrete discussions on the lack of money. But far from losing heart they warmed to their work. And though both were completely impotent they finally succeeded, summoning to their aid all the resources of the skin, the process and the imagination, in striking from their dry and feeble clips a kind of sombre gratification. So that Moll exclaimed, being (at that stage) the more expansive of the two, Oh would we had but met sixty years ago! But on the long road to this what flutterings, alarms and bashful fumbblings, of which only this, that they gave Macmann some insight into the meaning of the expression, Two is company. He then made unquestionable progress in the use of the spoken word and learnt in a short time to Jet fall, at the right time, the yesses, noes, mores and enoughts that keep love alive. It was also the occasion of his penetrating into the enchanted world of reading, thanks to the inflammatory letters which Moll brought and put into his hands. And the memories of school are so tenacious, for those who have been there, that he was soon able to dispense with the explanations of his correspondent and understand all unaided, holding the sheet of paper as far from his eyes as his arms permitted.

Funny I never ran into one poet and revolter, to my knowledge, not one. There is still history it means but that's a postmodern subject Belano argued in his room in Latin Quarters. Here lies a process Ilaan argued – that we do not believe in science in fact I follow poetry as science I meant that, so fuck the jargon I meant and implement that. But for a moment only, I mean half-an-hour at most. Then I tried him with other functions, all equally disappointing. Strange need to know who people are and what they do for a living and what they want with you. In spite of the ease with which he wore his black and manipulated his umbrella and his consummate mastery of the block-hat, I had for a time the impression he was disguised, but from what if I may say so, and as what? At a given moment, yet another, he took fright, for his breath came faster and he moved away from the bed. It was then I saw he was wearing brown boots, which gave me such a shock as no words can convey. They were copiously caked with fresh mud and I said to myself, Through what sloughs has he had to toil to reach me? I wonder if he was looking for something in particular, it would be so nice to know. I shall tear a page out of my exercise-book and reproduce upon it, from memory, what follows, and show it to him tomorrow, or to-day, or some other day, if he ever comes back. I. Who are you? 2. What do you do, for a living? 3. Are you looking for something in particular? What else? 4. Why are you so cross? 5. Have I offended you? 6. Do you know anything about me? 7. It was wrong of you to strike me. 8. Give me my radical protest. 9. Are you your own employer? 10. If not who sends you? 11. Put back my things where you found them. 12. Why has my soup been stopped? 13. For what reason are my pots no longer emptied? 14. Do you think I shall last much longer? 15. May I ask you a favour? 16. Your conditions are mine. 17. Why brown boots and whence the mud? 18. You couldn't by any chance let me have the butt of a pencil? 19. Number your answers. 20. Don't go, I haven't finished. Will one page suffice? There cannot be many left. I might as well ask for a rubber while I am about it. 21. Could you lend me an India rubber? When he had gone I said to myself, But surely I have seen him somewhere before. And the people I have seen have seen me too, I can guarantee that. But of whom may it not be said, I know that man? Drivel, drivel. And then at evening morning is so far away. I had stopped looking at him. I had got used to him. I was thinking of him, trying to understand, you can't do that and look at the same time. I did not even see him go. Oh he did not vanish, after the fashion of a ghost, no, I heard him, the clank when he took out his watch, the satisfied thump of the umbrella on the floor, the rightabout, the rapid steps towards the door, its soft closing and finally, I am sorry to say, a gay and lively whistle dying away. What have I omitted? Little things, nothings.

Part III

Stupid obsession with depth. Are there other places set aside for us and this one where I am, I thought I had done with preliminaries. No. no. we have all been here forever. we shall all be here forever, I know it. No more questions. Is not this rather the place where one finishes vanishing?

It hands down, on either side of his chin, in two twists of unequal length of soul then.

Ilaan then is meticulous on the nature of poetry – what did I mean, I meant mathematics and poetry throughout. I follow the Epistle, and grant you freedoms. I meant the world is free, freer than we think. Pen, paper and process. I also mean that many conversations can take place about intellectual lives and their failure instead. I also mean that is fundamental, to liberate them. I also mean finally that women are saying.

In fact then I argue in a film I was shooting in fact imagine scenes like this -

That's one of Mahood's favourite tricks, to produce ostensibly independent testimony in support of my historical existence. A man is walking and gets picked up by a Mexican. The instalment over, all joined in a hymn, Safe in the arms of Jesus, for example, or, Jesus lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly, for example. Then they went to bed, with the exception of the one on watch duty. My parents differed in their views on me, but they were agreed I had been a fine baby. at the very beginning, the first fortnight or three weeks. And yet he was a fine baby, with these words they invariably closed their relations. Often they fell silent, engulfed in

their memories. Then it was usual for one of the children to launch, by way of envoy, the consecrated phrase, And yet he was a fine guy. A burst of clear and innocent laughter, from the mouths of those whom sleep had not yet overcome, greeted this premature conclusion. And the narrators themselves, torn from their melancholy thoughts, could scarce forbear to smile. Then they all rose, with the exception of my mother whose knees couldn't support her, and sang. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, for example, or Jesus, my one, my all, hear me when I call, for example. He too must have been a fine baby. Finally my wife announced the latest news. for them to take to bed with them. He's backing away again, or, He's stopped to scratch himself, or, You should have seen him hopping sidelong, or, Oh look children, quick he's down on his hands and knee, admittedly that must have been worth seeing. It was then customary that someone should ask her if I was approaching none the less, if in spite of everything I was making headway, they couldn't bear the thought of going to bed, those who were still awake, without the assurance that I wasn't losing ground. The revolver goes off in his hands, he is taken to the hospital that Born again Christian in fact Mexican. I had moved, no further proof was needed. I had been drawing near for so long now that provided I remained in motion there could be no cause for anxiety. I was launched, there was no reason why I should suddenly begin to retreat, I just wasn't made that way. Then having kissed all round and wished one another happy dreams they retired, with the exception of the watch. What about hailing him? Poor Papa, he burned to encourage me vocally. Stick it, lad, it's your last winter. But in view of the trouble I was having. the trouble I was taking, they held him back, pointing out that the moment was illchosen to give me a shock. But what were my own feelings at this.